THE Lamentations of A-

mintas for the death of Phillis.

Paraphraſtically tranſlated out of Latine into Engliſh Hexameters, by *Abraham Fraunce.*

Newly Corrected.

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To the Right Hono-

rable vertuous and learned Lady,

the Ladie Marie, Counteſſe of
Penbroke.

MY afflicted mind and craſed bodie togeather with other externall calamities haue wrought ſuch ſorrowfull and lamentable effectes in mee, that for this whole yeare I haue wholly giuen ouer my ſelfe to mornefull meditations. Among others *Amintas* is one, which being firſt prepared for one or two, was afterward by the meanes of a fewe, made common to many, and ſo pitifully disfigured by the boiſterous handling of vnskilfull pen-men, that he was like to haue come abroad ſo vnlike himſelfe, as that his owne *Phillis* woulde neuer haue taken him for *Amintas*. Which vtter vndooing of our poore ſheepheard, I knewe not well otherwiſe howe to preuent, but by repairing his ragged attyre, to let him paſſe for a time vnder your Honorable protection. As for his foes, they eyther generally miſlike this vnuſuall kind of verſe, or elſe they fancy not my peculiar trauaile. For the firſt, I neuer heard better argument of them then this, ſuch a one hath done but ill, therefore no man can doe well: which reaſon is much like their owne rimes, in condemning the Art for the faulte of ſome Artificers. Now for the ſecond ſort of reprehenders,

who thinke well of the thing, but not of my labour therein, mine answere is at hand. If there were any penalty appointed for him that would not reade, he might well complaine of me that publish it to be read, why then not in mine also to publish it? He that will, let him see and reade, he that will neither reade nor see, is neither bound to see nor reade. He that taketh no delight in reading, let him think that among so many men so diuersly affected, there may bee some found of a contrary humor. If any begin to reade, when he beginneth to take no delight, let him leaue off and go no further. If he follow on in reading without pleasure, let him neither blame me that did what I could, nor be angry with the thing which hath no sense, but reprehende himselfe who woulde continue in reading without any pleasure taking.

Your Honours most affectionate,
Abraham Fraunce.

The firſt Lamentation.

IN flowre of young yeares fayre *Phillis* lately departing,
With teares continuall was daily bewaild of *Amintas*,
Halfe mad *Amintas*, carefull *Amintas*, mournfull *Amintas*,
Whoſe mourning al night, al day, did weary the mountains,
Weary the woods, & windes, and caues, and weary the foun-
But when he ſaw in vaine his cheekes with tears to be watred, (tains.
Cheekes all pale and wan, yet could not finde any comfort,
Comfortles then he turns at length his watery countnance
Vnto the ſhrill waters of *Thames*, and there he beginneth:
Heare, ô nimph, theſe plaints, heare, ô good nimph, my bewailings,
And conuey them downe to thy kinsmans watery kingdome,
Downe to the worldwaſhing main-ſea with ſpeedy reflowing:
Worldwaſhing main-ſea will then conuey to the worlds end
This grieuous mourning, by the ſhore, by the ſands, by the deſert,
Deſert, ſands, and ſhore which witnes were to my mourning.
And great God *Neptune* perchaunce his mightily thundring,
Triton will commaund to recount what I feele, what I ſuffer,
Raging heate of loue, paſſing outragious *Ætna*.
So th'infamous fame of wretched louer *Amintas*,
Blown from th'eaſt to the weſt, by the ſounding trump of a *Triton*,
Through deepe ſeas paſſing, at length may pearce to *Auernus*,
And fields *Elyſian*; where bleſſed ſoules be abiding,
And there meete *Phillis*, ſweete ſoule of *Phillis* among them,
Sweete ſoule of *Phillis*, ſtill, ſtill, to be mournd of *Amintas*.
O what a life did I leade, what a bleſſed life did I leade then,
Happy ſheepheard with a louing laſſe, while deſtinie ſuffred?
Vnder a beech many times we ſate moſt ſweetly together,
Vnder a broad beech-tree that ſunbeames might not anoy vs,
Eyther in others armes, ſtill looking eyther on other:

Both, many rimes ſinging, and verſes both many making,
And both ſo many words with kiſſes ſo many mingling.
Sometimes her white necke, as white as milke, was I touching,
Sometimes her pretie paps, and breaſt was I bold to be fingring,
Whilſt *Phillis* ſmiling and bluſhing hangd by my boſome,
And theſe cheekes of mine did ſtroke with her yuory fingers,
Theſe cheekes with young haire like ſoft down all to be ſmeared.
O ioyfull ſpring time with pleaſures wiſhed abounding,
O thoſe bleſſed daies whilſt good lucke ſhin'dfro the heauens.
But ſince *Phillis*, alas, did leaue moſt curſed *Amintas*,
Pains haue plagued, alas, both fleſh and bones of *Amintas*,
No day riſeth, alas, but it heares theſe grones of *Amintas*,
No night commeth alas, that brings any reſt to *Amintas*,
Night and day thus, alas, ſtill *Phillis* troubleth *Amintas*.
Now if northren blaſtes ſhould ſound their fearefull alarum,
And boyſtrous tempeſts come thundring downe fro the heauens,
So that I were compeld with ſheepe and kids fro the paſtures
Downe to the broad brancht trees and thicke ſet groues to be skudding,
There to remaine for a while, and all for feare of a ſcowring,
Phillis then do I want, then my ſweet *Phillis* is abſent,
Phillis then do I want: whoſe wont was then to be harckning
All that I could of loue, and goddeſſe louely, remember:
Songs of luſty *Satyrs*, and *Fauni* friends to the rountaine,
And cheerefull *Charites*: ſuch ſongs, as none but I onely,
Onely *Amintas* made, for none compar'd with *Amintas*.
But now, *Phillis* I want, and who ſhall now be my *Phillis*?
Who ſhall marke what I ſing, what I ſay, forſaken *Amintas*?
If that I praiſe *Phillis*, theſe hils giue praiſe to my *Phillis*,
And *Phillis*, *Phillis*, from rocks with an Eccho, reboundeth.
Thus by the whiſtling windes my mourning's, made but a ieſting.
If that I grone, theſe trees with bending, yeeld many gronings:
And very ground for griefe ſhews her complexion altred:
So this ground, theſe trees, theſe rockes, and Eccho reſounding,
All that I heare, that I ſeee, giues freſh increaſe to my ſorrow.
Go poore ſheepe and kids, ſometimes the delite of *Amintas*,
Seeke now ſomewhere elſe both graſſe and boughs to refreſh you,
Make your vvay by the fieldes, and neuer looke for *Amintas*.
Lodge your ſelues at night, and neuer looke for *Amintas*.

Some

Some pitifull good man will take compaſſion on you,
And feede you wandring, and bring you home by the eu'ning.
And I alone, yeelding due mourning vnto my *Phillis*,
Phillis mine and yours (for you alſo ſhee regarded)
I'le now wander alone, ſtill alone, by the rocks, by the mountaines,
Dwelling in the darke dens by the wild beaſtes onely frequented,
Where no path for man, where no man's ſeene to be paſſing:
Or to the woods I'le goe, ſo darke with broad-ſhadoe branches,
That no ſunne by the day, no ſtarre by the night do anoy mee,
And that I heare no voyce, but Goblins horrible outeries,
Owles balefull ſcrikings, and crowes vnlucky reſoundings.
There ſhall theſe mine eies be reſolu'd in watery fountains:
There ſhall theſe fountains flowe ouer along by the paſtures:
There will I make ſuch plaints, as beaſts ſhall mourne by my plainings,
Such plaints, as ſtrong trees ſhall rent and riue fro the rooting,
Make wild Panthers tame, and mollifie laſtly the flintſtone.
And if I needs muſt ſleepe, I'le take but a nap by my ſleeping,
On bare and cold ground, theſe lims all weary repoſing:
No green turfe to my head, ſhall ſtand in ſteede of a pillow,
No bowes or branches giue cou'ring vnto my carkaſſe,
That ſome foule ſerpent may ſpeedily giue me my deaths wound:
That this poore ſoule may from fleſh and bloud be releaſed,
And paſſing *Stygian* waters, may come to the faire fieldes,
Elyſian faire fieldes, and daily reſort to my *Phillis*.
Meane while friendly ſheepheards and plowmen, marke what I tel you
Marke what I ſay (for I thinke you knew and loued *Amintas*.)
Diſdaine dame *Venus*, giue no ground vnto the blind boy,
Yong boy, but ſtrong boy: take heede, take heede by *Amintas*.
Th'one with a fire hath burnt, and tho'ther pearſt with an arrow
Fleſh, and bones, and bloud: what's worſe then a fire, then an arrow?
O bitter fortune of too too wretched *Amintas*,

The ſecond Lamentation.

VVHen by the pleaſant ſtreames of *Thames* poore caitif *Amintas*
Had to the dull waters of griefe thus vainely reuealed;
As ſoone as morning her ſhining haires fro the mountains
Had ſhewn forth, and driu'n all ſtar-light quite fro the heauens,
Then that vnhappy ſheepheard ſtill plag'd with vnhappily loning,
Left thoſe barren bankes and waters no pitie taking,
And on a crookt ſheephooke his limbs all weary repoſing,
Clymed aloft to the hils, but, alas, very faintely clymed,
Kids, and goats, nad ſheepe driuing, goodman, to the mountaines,
For ſheepe, goates, and kids with paſtures better abounding,
Then by the way thus he ſpake, to the ſheepe, to the goats, to the yong kids.
O poore flocke, it ſeemes you feele theſe pangs of a louer,
And mourne thus to behold your mournfull maſter *Amintas*;
Your wont was, ſome part to be bleating, ſome to be skipping.
Some with bended browes and horned pates to be butting,
Sheepe to be gnapping graſſe, and goates to the vines to be climing.
But now no ſuch thing, but now no luſt to be liuely,
Sheepe and ſeely ſhepheard with luckleſſe loue be beſotted,
You for *Amintas* mourne, for *Phillis* mourneth *Amintas*;
O with what miſeries poore mortall men be moleſted?
Now doe I know right well what makes you thus to be mourning,
Thus to be tyred, thus to be quailed, thus to be drooping:
Phillis while ſhe remaind, milkt my goates euer at eu'ning,
Goats that brought home duggs ſtretcht with milke euer at eu'ning,
Phillis brought them flowres, and them brought vnto the wel-ſprings,
When dog-daies raigned, when fields were all to be ſcorched,
Whilſt that I lay ſleeping in cooling ſhade to refreſh me.
Phillis againe was wont with *Amintas* ſheepe to be waſhing,
Phillis againe was wont my ſheepe thus waſht to be ſhearing,
And to the ſweete paſtures my ſheepe thus ſhorne to be driuing,

Then

Then from fox and woolfe, my ſheepe thus driu'n to be keeping,
And in folds and cotes my flocke thus kept to be cloſing:
Leaſt by the Northren winds my ſheepe might chaunce to be pinched,
Leaſt by the froſt or ſnow my kids might chaunce to be grieued:
Phillis lou'd you ſo, ſo *Phillis* loued *Amintas*,
Phillis a guid of yours, and *Phillis* a friend of *Amintas*.
But ſweete ſheepe, ſweete goates, ſpare not to be liuely, for all this,
Looke not vpon my weeping face ſo ſadly, for all this,
Harken not to my plaints and ſongs all heauy for all this,
Harken not to my pipe, my pipe vnluckie, for all this.
But ſweete ſheepe, ſweete goates, leaue off your maſter *Amintas*.
Leape and skip by the flowring fields, and leaue of *Amintas*,
Climbe to the vines and tender trees, and leaue of *Amintas*,
Climbe to the vines and run for life, for feare of a miſchiefe,
When th'old *Silenus* with his Aſſe comes laſily trotting.
Let me alone, me alone lament and mourne my beloued,
Let me alone celebrate her death by my teares, by my mourning.
Like to the ſiluer ſwan, who ſeeing death to be comming,
Wandreth alone for a while through ſtreames of louely *Caiſter*,
Then to the flowring bankes all faint at length he repaireth,
Singing there, ſweete birde, his dying ſong to *Caiſter*,
Giuing there, ſweete bird, his laſt farewell to *Caiſter*.
Yeelding vp, ſweete bird, his breath and ſong to *Caiſter*.
How can *Amintas* liue, when *Phillis* leaueth *Amintas*?
What for fieldes, for woods, for medowes careth *Amintas*,
Medowes, woods, and fields if my ſweete *Phillis* abandon?
Mighty *Pales* fro the fieldes, fro the medowes learned *Apollo*,
Faunus went fro the woods, when *Phillis* went from *Amintas*,
No good ſight to my eyes, no good ſound came to my hearing:
But let *Phillis* againe come backe, and ſtay with *Amintas*,
Then ſhal woods and leaues, and fieldes with flowres be abounding,
Medowes with greene graſſe to the poore mans daily reioycing,
Mightie *Pales* to the fieldes, to the medowes learned *Apollo*,
Faunus comes to the woods, if *Phillis* come to *Amintas*,
No bad ſight to my eyes, no bad ſound comes to my hearing.
Come then good *Phillis*, come backe, if deſtinie ſuffer,
Leaue thoſe bleſſed bowres and ſoules already departed,
Let thoſe ſparckling eies moſt like to the fire, to the Chriſtall,

Ouercome thoſe hags and fiends of fearefull *Auernus*,
Which haue ouercome thoſe ſtars of chearefull *Olympus*,
And by thy ſpeech more ſweete then ſongs of Thracian *Orpheus*,
Pacifie th'infernall furies, pleaſe *Pluto* the grim god,
Staie that bauling curre, that three-throat horrible hel-hound,
For vertue, for voyce, th'art like to *Sibilla*, to *Orpheus*.
Sweet heart, come to thy friend, to thy friend come ſpedily ſweet hart,
Speedily come, leaſt griefe conſume forſaken *Amintas*.
Phillis, I pray the returne, if prayers may be regarded,
By theſe teares of mine, from cheekes aye ruefull abounding,
By thoſe armes of thine, which ſometimes claſped *Amintas*,
By lips thine and mine, ioyned moſt ſweetly together,
By faith, hands, and heart with true ſincerity pledged,
By ſongs, by wedding with great ſolemnity vowed,
By ieſts, and good turnes, by pleaſures all, I beſeech thee,
Helpe and ſuccor, alas, thy forlorne louer *Amintas*.
Or by thy teares intreat, that I liue not alone thus,
Pin'de thus away with griefe, ſuffring vnſpeakeable anguiſh;
But let death, let death come ſpeedily giue me my paſport,
So ſhall I finde faire fieldes, faire ſeats, faire groues by my dying,
And in fieldes, in ſeates, in groues faire *Phillis* abiding:
There ſhall *Phillis* againe, in curteſie ſtriue with *Amintas*,
There with *Phillis* againe, in curteſie ſtriue ſhal *Amintas*,
There ſhall *Phillis* againe, make garlands gay for *Amintas*,
There for *Phillis* againe, gay garlands make ſhal *Amintas*,
There ſhall *Phillis* againe, be repeating ſongs with *Amintas*,
Which ſongs *Phillis* afore had made, and ſung with *Amintas*.
But what, alas, did I meane, to the whiſtling winds to be mourning?
As though mourning could reſtore what deſteny taketh.
Then to the houſe, full ſad, when night approcht, he returned.

The third Lamentation.

AND now ſince buriall of *Phillis* louely, the third day
At length appeared, when that moſt carefull *Amintas*
Looſt his kids fro the fold, and ſheepe let forth fro the ſheepecoats,
And to the neighbour hils full ſet with trees he reſorted,
Where, as amidſt his flocke, his laſſe thus loſt he bewaileth,
And makes fond wiſhes with deepe ſighs interrupted,
And the relenting aire with his outcrie all to be beateth;
Eccho could not now to the laſt words yeeld any Eccho,
All oppreſt with loue: for her old loue ſtill ſhe remembred;
And ſhe remembred ſtill, that ſweete *Narciſſus* her old loue,
With teares all blubbred, with an inward anguiſh amaſed.
When ſhe begins to reſound, her ſobs ſtill ſtay the reſounding,
When ſhe begins her ſpeech, her griefe ſtill ſtoppeth her halfe ſpeech,
With which her wont was with louers ſweetly to dallie.
During theſe her dumps, thus againe complaineth *Amintas*,
During theſe his plaints, ſhe with all compaſſion harkneth.
O what a warre is this with loue thus ſtill to be ſtriuing?
O what a wildfire's this conueid to my heart by the blind boy?
That neither long time can bring any end to my ſtriuing,
Nor teares extinguiſh this fire throwen by the blind boy?
Then then, alas, was I loſt, ô then then, alas, was I vndone,
When the coralcolored lips were by me gredily viewed,
And eies like bright ſtars, and faire brows daintily ſmiling,
And cheerefull forehead with gold wire all to be decked,
And cheeks all white red, with ſnow and purple adorned,
And pure fleſh ſwelling with quicke veines ſpeedily mooued,
And ſuch fine fingers, as were moſt like to the fingers
Of *Tithonus* wife, platting th'old beard of her husband.
What ſhall I ſay to the reſt? each part vnited in order,

Each part vnſpotted, with long roabes couered each part:
What ſhall I ſay to the reſt? many kiſſes ioynd to the ſweete words,
And many words of weight in like ſort ioynd to the kiſſes,
Vnder a greene Laurell ſitting, and vnder a Mirtle,
Mirtle due to *Venus*, greene Laurell due to *Apollo*.
That litle earthen pot theſe ioyes hath now fro me ſnatched,
That litle earthen pot where *Phillis* bones be reſerued,
O thriſe happy the pot, where *Phillis* bones be reſerued,
And thriſe happy the ground, where this pot ſhall be reſerued.
Earth and earthen pot, you haue the belou'd of *Amintas*,
Natures ſweete dearling, and onely delight to the whole world,
And ſunne of this ſoyle, of theſe woods onely *Diana*,
Onely *Pales* of ſeely ſheepheards, *Pandora* the goddeſſe,
Excluding all faults, including onely the goodnes,
O thriſe happy the earth, but much more happy the earth pot.
O thriſe happy the graſſe that growes on graue of a goddeſſe,
And ſhooting vpward, diſplaies his top to the heauens.
Sweete blaſtes of *Zephyrus* ſhall make this graſſe to be ſeemely,
No Sithe ſhall touch it, no ſerpent craftely lurking
With venimous breathing, or poiſon deadly ſhall hurt it:
No Lioneſſe foule pawes, Beares foote, beaſtes horne ſhall abuſe it,
No birds with pecking, no vermine filthy by creeping,
No winters hoare froſt, no night dewes dangerous humor,
No rage of ſuns heate, no ſtarres or power of heauens,
No boiſtrous tempeſt, no lightnings horrible outrage.
Driue hence good plowmen, driue hence your wearied oxen, (graſſe,
And you, friendly ſheepheards, keepe backe your ſheepe fro the graues
Leaſt your ſheepe vnwares may chaunce by my loue to be harmed,
Leaſt by the bulles rude rage her bones may chaunce to be bruiſed,
Whilſt with foote and horne he the grabes ground teareth a ſunder.
Make haſt you yong men, make haſt all you prety damſels,
With ſacred water this ſacred place to be ſprinkle:
Burne Piles of beech-trees, and then caſt on the Sabæan
Spice to the piles burning, ſend ſweete perfumes to the heauens,
Cinnamon, and Caſia, Violets, and loued Amomum,
Red colored Roſes, with Beare-breech caſt ye together.
And then on euery ſide ſet tapers ſacred in order,
And beate your bare breſts with fiſts all weary for anguiſh,

And

And ſing ſweete Epitaphes, lifting your voyce to the heauens,
Sing foure ſweete Epitaphes in death and praiſe of a goddeſſe.
Wanton fleſhly *Satyrs* and *Fauni* friends to the mountaines,
Nymphs addict to the trees, and in moſt gratious order,
Three graces ioyning, ſhall beare you company mourning.
And I my ſelfe, will dreſſe, enbalme, and cheſt my beloued,
And following her coarſe, (all pale and wan as a dead man,)
Weary the woods with plaints, and make new ſtreames by my weeping,
Such ſtreames as no bancke ſhall barre, ſtreames euer abounding,
Such ſtreames as no drought ſhall drie, ſtreames neuer abating.
With me *Parnaſſus*, with me ſhall mourne my *Apollo*,
And *Venus* all chafed, that deſteny tooke my beloued.
And that ſame vile boy, that firſt did ioyne me to *Phillis*,
His lampe ſhall lay downe, and painted quiuer abandon,
And with his owne prety teares trickling, and ſweetly beſeeming,
Helpe me to mourne, although that he gaue firſt cauſe to my mourning.
But what, alas, do I meane to repeate theſe funerall outcries,
Still to repeate theſe ſongs, and ſtill too late to repeate them?
Thriſe hath *Phœbus* now diſplaid his beams fro the mountains,
Thriſe hath *Phœbus* now deſcended down to the main-ſea,
Since my belou'd was dead, ſince our good company parted,
Since *Phillis* buried, ſince all ſolemnities ended,
Since my delightes, poore wretch, were all incloſ'd in a coffin.
Yet do I mourne here ſtill, though no good comes by my mourning,
Adding teares to my teares, and ſorrows vnto my ſorrows,
O ſtrong boy, ſtrong bow, ſhot firſt that dangerous arrow,
Now do I find it a paine, which firſt did ſeeme but a pleaſure,
Now do I feele it a wound, which firſt did ſeeme but a ſmarting,
When ſtrong boy, ſtrong bow, ſhot firſt that dangerous arrow.
Thus did *Amintas* mourne, and then came home by the ſunſet.

The fourth Lamentation.

THriſe had ſhining ſunne withdrawn his face fro the heauens,
And earth all darkned, ſince *Phillis* friendly departed,
And when fourth day came, then againe true louer *Amintas*,
Mindfull of old loue ſtill, tooke no ioy flocke to be feeding,
But ſtill alone wandring, through fields, to the bancks, to the waters,
Leaned his head on banke, and eies caſt downe to the waters,
With reares inceſſant his cheekes full watery waſhing.
What now reſteth, alas, to be doone of wilfull *Amintas*?
No ſenſe, no knowledge in theſe vnſenſible aſhes,
In graue no feeling, in death ther's no pitie taken.
Phillis makes but a ieſt, dead *Phillis* mocketh *Amintas*.
Phillis breakes her faith, and plaies with pluto the blacke prince,
Pluto the blacke prince now enioyes thoſe ioyes of *Amintas*.
Speake on, good ſweete nymphs, if you can tell any tidings,
Whether amongſt thoſe trulls that waite on Queene of *Auernus*,
My Queene and Empreſſe, my *Phillis* chance to be ſpinning?
Speake, for I feare, I feare ſheel'l neuer come to *Amintas*.
And thou *Syluanus*, *Syluanus* good to the mountaines,
And flocks on mountains, ô helpe moſt helpeleſſe *Amintas*,
Helpe by thy ſelfe, by thy friends, thou god cauſe gods to be helping,
For my religion, for my deuotion helpe me,
For thine owne boyes ſake, for loue of ſweet *Cypariſſus*,
Eyther let *Phillis* be returned backe to *Amintas*,
Or let *Amintas* die, that death may ſuccor *Amintas*.
And thou naughty *Cupid*, yet ſay on, giue me thy counſaile,
What ſhall I doe, ſhall I die? ſhall *Amintas* murder *Amintas*?
Die then *Amintas*: death wi l bring *Phillis* to *Am intas*.
O hard hearted loue, thou ſeeſt what I beare, what I ſuffer,
Heart with flames, and eies with mournfull water abounding,
Head with cares poſſeſt, and ſoule ful of horrible anguiſh,

This

This thou seest, and sure I do know, it grieues thee to see this,
Though they call the tyrant, though so thou iustly be called,
Though thy nature passe *Busiris* beastly behau'our:
For what makes me to mourne, may cause thee to yeeld to my mourning:
One rude rocke, one wind, and one tempestuous outrage
Batters, breaks, and beats my ship to the quicksands.
Our harms are equall, thy shipwracke like to my shipwracke,
Loue did loue *Phillis*, *Phillis*, was lou'd of *Amintas*,
Phillis loues dearling, *Phillis* dearling of *Amintas*,
Dearling, crowne, garland, hope, ioy, vvealth, health of *Amintas*.
And vvhat more shall I say? for I vvant vvords fit for *Amintas*
And thou churlish ground, novv cease any more to be fruitfull,
Cease to be deckt vvith flovvres, and all in greene to be mantled,
Thy flovvre is vvithered, thy garland lately decayed,
Phillis thine and mine vvith death vntimely departed,
vvhose svveet corps thou bar'st, vvhose footsteps in the be printed,
And vvhose face thou didst admire for beautie renovvmed.
Belch out roaring blasts vvith gaping iavvs to the heauens,
That those roaring blasts may scoure by the skies, by the heauens,
And foule struggling storms cast dovvn fro the cloudes, fro the heauens,
For such foule vveather vvill best agree vvith a mourner.
Hovvle and mourne thou earth, and roare vvith an horrible outcry,
Hovvle as then thou didst, vvhen mountains vvere to the mountains
Put, by thy cursed brood, to be climing vp to *Olympus*,
When great flakes of fire came flashing dovvne fro the heauens,
When thy cravvling sons came tumbling dovvne from *Olympus*.
Hovvle as Lady *Ceres* did then, vvhen prince of *Auernus*
Stole her daughter avvay from fieldes that ioyned on *Ætna*,
Vnto the dungeons darke, and dens of his hellish abiding.
Thou ground, forgetfull vvhat vvas by duety required,
Should'st send vnbidden, vvith *Phillis*, teares to *Auernus*.
Her blessed burden thou vvast vnvvorthy to cary,
Therefore tender girle in flovvring age she departed.
O frovvning fortune, ô stars vnluckily shining,
O cursed birth day of quite forsaken *Amintas*.
Phillis alas, is changd, *Phillis* conuerted in ashes,
Whose prety lips, necke, eies, and haire so svveetly beseeming,
Purple, snovv, and fire, and gold vvire seemd to resemble.

Tithonus faire wife coms alwaies home by the ſunſet,
Euery night coms home to that old *Tithonus* her husband,
Sweete *Cephalus* leauing, and graybeard hartily kiſſing:
But my *Phillis*, alas, is gone as farre as *Auernus*,
Gone too farre to returne, and this tormenteth *Amintas*.
White is blacke and ſweete is ſowre to the ſenſe of *Amintas*,
Night and day doe I weepe, and make ground moiſt by my weeping.
Mourne, lament, and howle, and powre forth plaints to the heauens.
So do the Nightingales in buſhes thorny remaining
Sing many dolefull notes and tunes, ſweete harmony making,
Their young ones mourning, their yong ones daily bewailing.
Phillis, alas, is gone, ſhee'l neuer come to *Amintas*,
Neuer againe come backe, for death and deſteny ſtay her,
Stay her among thoſe groues, and darkſome dens of *Auernus*,
Where's no path to returne, no ſtarting hole to be ſcaping,
Deſteny, death, and hell, and howling hideous helhound,
Loathſome ſtreames of *Styx* that ninetimes compas *Auernus*,
Stay her amongſt thoſe hags in dungeons ougly for euer,
Onely the name and fame, and her moſt happy remembrance
Still ſhall abide, ſhall liue, ſhall floriſh freely for euer.
Thus did *Amintas* ſpeake, and then came faintly homeward.

The

The fifth Lamentation.

SInce *Phillis* buriall with due celebration ended,
Phœbus againe aduanſt his blazing face fro the main-ſea,
And with morning Star diſpelling night fro the heauens,
Quickly the fifth time brought broad day-light vnto *Amintas:*
But yet *Phillis* in heart, in minde, and ſoule of *Amintas?*
Stil did abide, and ſtil was *Phillis* mourn'd of *Amintas.*
No care of driuing his goates and kids to the mountains,
No care of following his ſheepe and lambs to the paſtures,
But day-light loathing, and daies worke wonted abhorring,
Straight to the woods doth he walke, in no mans company walking.
Where he the weeping flowre making al weary by weeping,
Vntuned ſpeeches caſt out, and deſperate outcries,
Where, with ſobs to the winds, with teares increaſe to the waters,
Stil did he giue, and ſtill vaine loue moſt vainly bewailed.
As louing turtle ſeeing his lately beloued
Turtle doue thrown down from tree, with a ſtone, with an arrow,
Cannot abide ſunbeames, but flies fro the fields, fro the meddows,
Vnto the darkeſt woods, and there his deſolate harbor
Makes in a *Cypres* tree, with lightning al to be ſcorched,
Or with winters rage and black ſtorms foully defaced:
Where on a rotten bough his lims al heauy repoſing,
Stil doth he grone for griefe, ſtil mourne for his onely beloued;
Then conſum'd with grieuous pangs, and weary with anguiſh,
Down to the ground doth he fal with fainting wings fro the bare bough
Beating duſt with wings, and feathers foully beraying,
Beating breaſt with beacke, til bloud come freſhly abounding,
Til life guſhing forth with bloud goe iointly together;
So did *Amintas* mourne, ſuch true loue made him a mourner.
O what a vile boy's this, what a grieuous wound, what a weapon?

O what a dart is this that ſticks ſo faſt to my heart roote,
Like as roots to the trunck, or like as vine to the Elmetree,
Iuie ioynd to the walls, or greene moſſe cleeues to the foule ponds.
O pitileſſe loues-god: poore louers how be we plagued?
O ſtrong dart of loue which each thing ſpeedily pearceth.
This dart god *Saturne*, god *Mars*, and great god of all gods,
Ioue himſelfe did wound, vnleſſe that fame doe bely them.
Although god *Saturne* were old and like to a cruſht crabbe,
Although *Mars* were armd with tri'd *Vulcanian* armour,
Although *Ioue* with fire and thunder maketh a rumbling.
Yea thine owne mother, thine owne inuincible arrow
Hurt: and prickt thoſe paps which thou waſt wont to be ſucking.
Neither ſpar'ſt thou him that raigns in watery kingdome,
Neyther ſpar'ſt thou him that rules in fearefull *Auernus*;
Pluto knows what it is with a paltery boy to be troubled,
Neptune knows what it is by a blind boyes check to be mated.
Then ſince heauen, ſeas, and hell are nought by the ſpared,
Earth and earth-dwelling louers muſt looke to be pinched.
O what gaping earth wil *Amintas*, greedily ſwallow,
O what goulf of ſeas, and deeps, will quickly deuoure him?
And bring him liuing to the dead men ſoules in *Auernus*.
Gods of Skies (for loue hath pearſt oft vp to the heauens)
If pitie moue your hearts, if you from ſtatly *Olympus*
Can vouchſafe to behold theſe inward wounds of *Amintas*,
Free this troubled ſoule from cares and infinite anguiſh,
End theſe endleſſe toiles, bring eaſe by my death to my deaths-wound,
O that I had then di'd when *Phillis* liu'd with *Amintas*,
In fields when *Phillis* ſang ſongs of loue with *Amintas*,
In fields when *Phillis* kiſt and embraced *Amintas*,
In fields when *Phillis* ſlept vnder a tree with *Amintas*,
Bleſt had *Amintas* beene, if death had taken *Amintas*,
So my *Phillis* might haue come and ſat by my death-bed,
Cloſing theſe eye-lids of dead, but bleſſed *Amintas*,
Bleſt, that he di'd in her armes, that his eies were cloſd by her own hands.
But what, alas, do I meane, for death thus ſtill to be wiſhing.
Foole that I am? for death comes quickly without any wiſhing.
Inward griefe of troubled ſoule hath brought me to deaths doore,
Woonted ſtrength doth faile, my lims are fainty with anguiſh,

Vitall

Vitall heat is gone like vnto a ſmoke, to a vapor,
Yeſterday but a boy, and now grayheaded *Amintas*.
O luckleſſe louers, how alwaies are we bewitched?
What contrarieties, what fancies flatly repugnant,
How many deaths, liues, hopes, feares, ioyes, cares ſtill doe we ſuffer?
O that I could forget *Phillis*, many times am I wiſhing.
O that I had di'd for *Phillis*, many times am I wiſhing,
Thus diſtracted I am ten thouſand times by my wiſhing,
Like to a ſhip through whirling gulfs vnſteddily paſſing,
Floating here and there, hence thence with danger on each ſide,
Fearing *Scyllaes* iawes, and mouth of greedy *Charibdis*:
Whilſt by the rage of Sea bruſd ſhip ſticks faſt to the quick-ſand,
And by the mighty rebounding waues is laſtly deuoured.
But what, alas do I meane mine old loue ſtill to be mourning,
Forgetting paſtures, and flocks, and vines by my mourning?
My naked paſtures with flouds are like to be drowned,
My fields vntilled with thorns are like to be peſtred,
My poore ſheepe and goats with cold are like to be pinched,
My pretie black bullock will come no more to my white cow,
And by the *S*wines foule ſnout my vines are like to be rooted,
For want of walling, for want of cuſtomed hedging:
Ranck boughes in vinetree ther's no body now to be cutting,
Cut boughes with withie twigs ther's no body now to be binding,
Pecking pyes from grapes ther's no body now to be keeping.
You rocks helpe me to mourne: rocks, pinetrees loftily bearing:
You woods helpe me to mourne: woods alwaies wont to be ſilent:
You wells helpe me to mourne: wells cleare and like to the Chriſtall:
Vines forlorne, forſaken ſhrubs lament with *Amintas*:
On you rocks many times *Phillis* was wont to be walking,
In you woods many times *Phillis* was wont to be ſitting,
With you wells many times *Phillis* was wont to be ſmiling,
And you vines and ſhrubs *Phillis* was vvont to be ſingring.
Now t'was iuſt darke night, and home came ſeelly *Amintas*.

The ſixth Lamentation.

SInce *Phillis* burial, ſix times ſprang light fro the mountains,
Six times had *Titan* brought backe his coach fro the main-ſea,
And flying horſes with ſalt waues al to be daſhed,
With puft vp noſthrils great fire flames luſtily breathing:
When to the wild vvoods went careleſſe, yet careful *Amintas*,
Leauing flocke in fold, no creatures company keeping,
Beating breaſt vvith fiſt, with teares face foully defacing,
Filling waies as he went, with ſuch and ſo many wailings,
As were ſometimes made by the ſweet Rhodopeïan *Orpheus*
When by the rocks of *Thrace*, by the fatal water of *Hebrus*,
His ſweet *Euridice* with moſt ſweet voice he bewailed,
Euridice twice loſt, by the curſed lawes of *Auernus*,
When ſweet voice ſweet harpe ioined moſt ſweetly together,
Made both birds and beaſts and flocks and ſtones to be mourning.
Euery beaſt in field wiſheth day-light to be comming,
Morning ſtar by the birds in fields is ſweetly ſaluted,
As ſoone as ſhe begins by the breake of day to be peeping.
Euery beaſt in field vviſheth dark-night to be comming,
Eu'ning ſtarre to the kids vvel fed coms heartily vvelcome,
As ſoone as ſhe begins by the nights approch to be ſhining.
Neither day nor night can pleaſe diſpleaſed *Amintas*;
Al day long do I mourne, and al night long am I mourning,
No day's free from my plaints, and no night's free from my plaining,
Who ſo thinks it ſtrange, that thus tormented *Amintas*
Can thus long endure: vvho thinks it ſtrange that *Amintas*
Liues, yet takes no reſt, but ſtil liues, ſtil to be dying;
This man knowes not, alas, that loue is daily triumphant,
This man knowes not, alas, that loue can vvorke many vvonders,
Loue can abide no law, loue alwaies loues to be lawleſſe,
Loue altreth nature, rules reaſon, maiſtreth *Olympus*

Lawes

Lawes, edicts, decrees; contemns *Ioue* mightily thundring,
Ioue that rules and raigns, that with becke bendeth *Olympus*.
Loue cauſd *Hippolitus* vvith bri'rs and thorns to be mangled,
For that he had foule loue of luſting *Phædra* refuſed.
Loue made *Abſyrtus* vvith ſiſters hands to be murdred,
And in pieces torne, and here and there to be ſcattred.
Loue forc'd *Paſiphaa* mans company long to be loathing,
And for a vvhite buls fleſh, buls company long to be luſting.
Loue and luring looks of louely *Polixena* cauſed
Greekiſh *Achilles* death, vvhen he came to the Church to be vvedded,
Loue made *Alcides* that great inuincible *Heros*,
Maſter of all monſters, at length to be vvhipt by a miſtreſſe,
Loue drownd *Leander* ſwimming to the beautifull *Hero*,
Vnto the towne *Ceſtos*, from towne of curſed *Abydos*.
Loue made *Ioue*, that's ruler of earth, and ruler of heauen,
Like to a ſeelly ſhepheard, and like to the fruitful *Echidna*,
Like to a fire, to a ſwan, to a ſhowre, to a bull, to an Eagle,
Sometimes *Amphitrion*, ſometimes *Dyctinna* reſembling.
But vvhat need I to ſhevv this blind boyes ſyrlie behau'our,
Lewd prancks, falſe policies, ſlie ſhifts, and vvilie deuiſes,
Murdring minde, hard heart, dead hand, bent bow, ready arrowes?
No body knovvs better vvhat bitter griefe is abounding
In loues leud kingdome, then luckleſſe louer *Amintas*.
Whether I go to the groues, or vvhether I climbe to the mountains,
Whether I vvalke by the bancks, or vvhether I looke to the fountains,
Loue ſtil vvaits at an inch, and neuer leaues to be pinching.
Euery thing complaines, and anſvvereth vnto my plaining,
Euery thing giues cauſe and nevv increaſe to my mourning,
If that I mourne in vvoods, theſe vvoods ſeeme al to be mourning,
And broad brancht Oake trees their vpright tops to be bovving.
If that I ſigh or ſob, this pinetree ſtraight by the ſhaking,
This peereleſſe pine tree for company ſeems to be pining.
As though himſelfe felt th'enduring pangs of *Amintas*.
And that bird of *Thrace*, my vvoful company keeping,
Cries and cals for *Itis*, vvith monſtrous villany murdred,
Murdred, alas, by the mercileſſe heart and hand of a mother,
Eaten, alas, by the curſed mouth and teeth of a father.
And poore turtle doue her mates good company miſſing

Sits on a naked bough, and keeps me company mourning.
When I climbe to the ragged rocks, and creepe to the mountains,
Staying feeble knees with a ſtaffe, for feare of a falling,
If that I then curſe death, and raile on deſteny fatal,
For marring that face, thoſe cheekes, thoſe yuory fingers
Of my ſweet *Phillis*: *Phillis* corns backe with an Eccho,
Eccho returns *Phillis* fiue times fro the rocks, fro the mountains.
Euery beaſt which heares theſe woful plaints of *Amintas*,
Comes, and ſits him downe twixt legs of vvoful *Amintas*:
Suffers backe to be ſtroakt vvith ſtaffe of mourneful *Amintas*:
Claps his taile t'is belly below, and moanes with *Amintas*:
As that good Lioneſſe, vvhich firſt vvas cur'd by a *Romaine*.
In Romaine Theater gaue life for life to the *Romaine*.
O if ſuch pitie vvere in deſtenie no pitie taking,
Phillis I ſhould not miſſe, nor *Phillis* miſſe of *Amintas*.
If that I come to the banks and caſt mine eyes to the vvaters,
Waters augmented vvith theſe my vvatery fountains,
Then theſe foule mouth'd frogs vvith iarring tunes do moleſt me,
So that I am compeld vvith bowing knees to be praying,
Praying vnto the nymphs in bowrs of vvater abiding,
That they vvould vouchſafe to receiue my carkas among them,
And fro the ſight of man, fro the light of ſunne to remoue it,
As that loued *Hylas* they ſometimes friendly receiued.
But yet I wiſh in vaine, and nought can I get by my vviſhing.
And of my vviſhing theſe lewd vvinds make but a vvhiſtling.
So nothing contents poore mal-contented *Amintas*,
Clogd vvith an heape of cares, and clofd in an hell ful of horror.
Then to his homely Cabin, by the moone-light haſted *Amintas*.

The

The ſeauenth Lamentation.

SIx nights now vvere paſt, and ſeu'nth day haſtened onward,
When vvith fretting cares, al ſpent and vvaſted *Amintas*,
Went to the vvood, ſtarke vvoode, vvith great extremity vveeping,
And to the dul deafe vvinds his late loſſe freſhly bewailing.
O how much this *Amintas* is altred from that *Amintas*,
Which vvas vvont to be Captaine of euery company rurall?
Nothing nimble I am vvith vvillovv ſtaffe to be threſhing,
Nor with toothed rake round heycocks for to be making.
Nothing nimble I am, my branched vines to be cutting,
Nor vvith ſharpe edgd ſucke my fruitfull ſoyle to be plowing.
Nothing nimble I am my ſcabbed ſheepe to be curing,
Nor vvith leaping lads, vvith tripping trulls to be dancing.
Nothing nimble I am ſvveet rimes and ſongs to be making,
Nor ſvveet ſongs and rimes on pleaſant pipe to be playing.
My ſence is dulled, my ſtrength extreamely decaied,
Since that faire *Phillis* my loue did leaue me for euer.
Who vvas vvorthy to liue, and vvorthy to loue me for euer,
Phillis, faire *Phillis*, thou dearling deare of *Amintas*,
What laſſe durſt compare vvith dearling deare of *Amintas*,
For vvit, for learning, for face, for ſeemely behau'our?
My ſvveet laſſe *Phillis* vvas no more like to the gray govvnes,
And countrey milkmaids, then nightingale to the lapvving,
Roſe to the greene vvillovv, or ſiluer ſvvan to the ſvvallovv.
Phillis amidſt faire maids did faire-maids company countnance,
As ripe corne doth fields, as cluſtred grapes do the vinetrees,
As ſtout buls do the droues, as bayleaues beautifie gardens.
Phillis name and fame, vvhich is yet freſhly remembred,
Paſſed abroad ſo farre, ſo farre ſurpaſt *Amaryllis*,
As that it yrkt and griu'd diſdainful proud *Amaryllis*,
Who ſtill thought her ſelfe far beauties praiſe to be peereleſſe.
But let her heart ful of hate ſtill pine, let her eyes full of enuie
Stil bé reſolu'd in teares, *Phillis* ſurmounts *Amaryllis*,
Phillis dead is aliue, and ſo ſhall liue to the vvorlds end,

Phillis praise shal scape from death and graue to the vvorlds end.
But vvhat auails it, alas, dead *Phillis* novv to be praising,
Phillis, alas, is dead, tis too late novv to be praising,
And to renevv old thoughts and fond concetts by my praising.
Better it is to be lovv and neuer climbe to a kingdome,
Then fro the scepter againe to be tumbled dovvne to the dunghil.
For vvhat auails it novv that *Phillis* lulled *Amintas*,
Lull'd him a sleepe in her arms, and slept her selfe vvith *Amintas*,
Vnder a cooling shade from scorching beams to defend vs,
Which sight made *Æglon* and *Mopsus* teeth to be vvatry?
Or vvhat auails it novv t'haue gath'red iointly together
Fragrant hearbs and flowres by the mantled fields, by the meddows,
Daffadil, and Endiue, with mourning flowre *Hyacinthus*,
Thime, Casia, Violets, Lillies, and sweet prety Roses,
For nymphs and vvoodgods gay garlands duely preparing?
Or what auails it now t'haue pluckt at strawbery brambles,
Blackberie briers t'haue spoild, t'haue bared mulbery branches,
With such country fruits our baskets heauly loading?
Or what auails it now t'haue giu'n her so many kisses?
And t'haue taken againe in like sort so many kisses?
Or what auails it now t'haue drawne our talke to the morning,
Or t'haue made our name vvith box tree barke to be growing,
Names and vowes which nought but death could cause to be broken?
Woful vvretch that I am, *Phillis* forsakes me for al this,
And forsaken of her, death hath possest me for al this.
And yet I am not sicke (vnlesse that loue be a sicknes)
But death coms creeping, and lingring life is a flitting.
And this differring of death is vvorse then a dying.
Lingring fire by degrees hath spent and vvasted *Amintas*,
As *Meleager* of old, vvhose life vvas left in a firebrand,
Firebrand cast to th fire by the murdring hands of a mother,
When fatal firebrand burning did burne *Meleager*.
Euery day do I vveepe, and euery houre am I vvailing,
Euery houre and day dismal to the vvretched *Amintas*,
Yea much more vvretched, then that poore seellie *Prometheus*
Who for his aspiring, for stealing fire from *Olympus*,
Was by the gods decrees fast bound vvith chaines to the mountaine
Caucasus, huge and cold, where he's compelled an Eagle,

Eagle

Eagle ſtill feeding, with his owne heart ſtill to be feeding.
O *Pan*, O *Fauni*, that loue with maids to be liuely,
Leaue your pipes, your ſongs, your daunce, leaue off to be liuely,
Ioyne your teares with *Amintas* teares, and mourne with *Amintas*,
And mourne for *Phillis*, for *Phillis* leaueth *Amintas*.
Phillis for your ſake fine wafers duly prepared,
Phillis pleaſd your eies whilſt *Phillis* daintily daunced,
Phillis amidſt faire maids was deemed ſtill to be faireſt,
And gaue grace to the reſt with her eies and comely behau'our,
As faire Laurell trees be adornd with beautiful Iuie,
As fine gold is adornd by the ſhining light of a Iaſper,
Since death of *Phillis* no ioyes enioyeth *Amintas*,
Euery good thing's gone: *Phillis* tooke euery good thing,
Countrie ſoile laments and Countrie men be a weeping.
And thou garden greene, now poure forth plaints with *Amintas*,
Phillis thy ſweet bancks and beds did water at eu'ning,
Phillis amidſt thy flowres alwaies was wont to be walking,
But now no walking, but now no water at eu'ning,
Now beſt flowre is dead, now *Phillis* gone fro the garden.
And you Chriſtall ſprings with ſtreames of ſiluer abounding,
Where *Phillis* ſaw faire *Phillis* face to be ſhining,
Powre forth flouds of teares from thoſe your waterie fountains,
From thoſe your fountains with greene moſſe al to be ſmeared:
Phillis will no more ſee *Phillis* ſit on the fountains,
Phillis will no more her lips apply by the fountains,
Lips to be ioynd to the lips of *Ioue* that ruleth *Olympus*.
And you darkſome dales and vvoods aie vvont to be ſilent,
Where ſhe amidſt the ſhepheards, and toyling boiſterus heard men,
Her milkewhite ſhe-goats many times was wont to be feeding,
Lament and mourne for this nymphs vntimely departure.
But *Pan* and *Fauni*, but garden greene of *Amintas*,
But you ſprings, and dales, and vvoods aie vvont to be ſilent,
Leaue off your mourning, Ile giue you leaue to be ſilent,
Leaue to be ſilent ſtill, giue you me leaue to be mourning,
Leaue to be mourning ſtill, let this moſt heauy departure,
This death of *Phillis* bring wiſhed death to *Amintas*.
Here did he pauſe a vvhile, and home at night he returned.

The eighth Lamentation.

SInce death of *Phillis*, ſince *Phillis* burnt by *Amintas*,
Since *Phillis* burnt bones were cheſted duly, the eight time
Night gaue place to the light, and eu'ning vnto the morning:
When to the woods ſo wild, to the wild beaſts dangerous harbors,
Forſaking hie waies, by the by-waies paſſed *Amintas*:
And there ſets him downe all wearied vnder a Mirtle,
For griefe ſtil groning, with deepe ſighs heauly panting,
Stil *Phillis* naming, ſtil *Phillis* faintily calling.
And muſt one wench thus take al the delights fro the countrey?
And muſt one wench thus make euery man to be mourning?
Euery man whoſe flocks on theſe hils vſe to be feeding?
And muſt *Æglon* weepe, and muſt that friendly *Menalcas*
Weare his mourning roab, for death of my bony *Phillis*?
And muſt good *Coridon* lament, muſt *Tityrus* alter
His pleaſant melodies, for death of my bonie *Phillis*?
And muſt *Damœtas* for griefe leaue off to be louing?
Muſt *Amaryllis* leaue, for death of my bonie *Phillis*?
And muſt drooping bull conſume as he goes by the medow?
Muſt ſheepe looke lowring for death of my bonie *Phillis*?
And muſt ſighs ſeeme winds? muſt teares ſeeme watery fountains?
And muſt each thing change for death of my bonie *Phillis*?
O then what ſhal I doe, for death of my bonie *Phillis*?
Since that I lou'd bonylaſſe *Phillis* more deerely then al theſe,
Since that I lou'd her more than I loue theſe eies of *Amintas*,
O then what ſhall I do forlorne, forſaken *Amintas*,
What ſhall I do, but die for death of my bonie *Phillis*?
Phillis who was wont my flock with care to be feeding,
Phillis who was wont my milch ſhe goats to be milking,
Phillis who was wont (moſt handſome wench of a thouſand)
Either clouted creame, or cakes, or curds to be making,
Either fine baskets of bulruſh for to be framing,
Or by the greene medowes gay dancing dames to be leading,

Phillis

Phillis whoſe boſome filbeards did loue to be filling,
Phillis for whoſe ſake greene Laurel lou'd to be bowing,
Phillis, alas, ſweet laſſe *Phillis*, this braue bony *Phillis*
Is dead, is buried, makes all good company parted.
O how oft *Phillis* conferd in fields with *Amintas*,
Whilſt for nymphs of woods gay garlands framed *Amintas*?
O how oft *Phillis* did ſing in caues with *Amintas*,
Ioyning her ſweet voice to the Oaten pipe of *Amintas*,
O how oft *Phillis* clipt and embraced *Amintas*,
How many thouſand times hath *Phillis* kiſſed *Amintas*,
Bitten *Amintas* lips, and bitten againe of *Amintas*,
So that *Amintas* his eies enui'd theſe lips of *Amintas*?
O ſweet ſoule *Phillis* w'haue liu'd and loued a great while,
(If that a man may keepe any mortal ioy for a great while)
Like louing Turtles and Turtledoues for a great while:
One loue, one liking, one ſenſe, one ſoule for a great while,
Therefore one deaths wound, one graue, one funeral onely,
Should haue ioyned in one both loue and louer *Amintas*.
O good God, what a griefe is this that death to remember?
For ſuch grace, geſture, face, feature, beauty, behau'our,
Neuer afore was ſeene, is neuer againe to be lookt for.
O frowning fortune, ô death and deſtiny diſmal!
Thus be the poplar trees that ſpred their tops to the heauens,
Of their flowring leaues diſpoil'd in an houre, in a moment:
Thus be the ſweet violets that gaue ſuch grace to the garden,
Of their purpled roabes diſpoild in an houre, in a moment.
O how oft did I roare, and cry with an horrible howling,
When for want of breath *Phillis* lay faintily gaſping?
O how oft did I wiſh that *Phœbus* would fro my *Phillis*
Driue this feauer away: or ſend his ſonne from *Olympus*,
Who, when Lady *Venus* by a chaunce was prickt with a bramble,
Healed her hand with oyles and fine knacks kept for a purpoſe:
Or that I could perceiue *Podalyrius* order in healing,
Or that I could obtaine *Medeas* exquiſite ointments,
And baths moſt precious, which old men freſhly renued.
Or that I were as wiſe, as was that crafty *Prometheus*,
Who made pictures liue with fire that he ſtole from *Olympus*.
Thus did I call and cry, but no body came to *Amintas*,

Then did I raile and raue, but nought did I get by my railing;
Whilſt that I cal'd and cri'd, and rag'd and rau'd as a mad-man,
Phillis, alas, *Phillis* by the burning fits of a feauer,
Quickly before her day, her daies vnluckily ended.
O diſmall deaths day, vvith blacke ſtone ſtil to be noted,
Wherein no Sun ſhin'd, no comfort came fro the heauens,
Wherein cluſtred clouds had cou'red lightſome *Olympus*,
Wherein no ſweet bird could find any vvay to be chirping,
Wherein loathſome ſnakes from dens were loth to be creeping,
Wherein ſoule skritch owles did make a deteſtable howling,
And from chimney top gaue vvofull ſignes of a miſchiefe.
O firſt day of death, laſt day of life to *Amintas*,
Which no day ſhal driue from ſoule and heart of *Amintas*;
Til *Neptune* dride vp vvith ſtravv his ſlouds fro the fiſhes,
And skaled fiſhes liue naked along by the ſea ſhore,
Til ſtarres fall to the ground, til light hart leape to *Olympus*,
For ſince *Phillis* vvent, and left forſaken *Amintas*,
Perplexed ſpeaking, and vaine thoughts onely remained.
Thou *Ioue* omnipotent, vvhich doeſt with mercy remember
Mortal mens miſeries: which knowſt vvhat it is to be louing,
And thou god *Phœbus*, that ſometimes dru'n from *Olympus*
Feeding ſheepe didſt loue, helpe luckleſſe louer *Amintas*
Feeding ſheepe and goats, helpe poore man, yong man *Amintas*.
Thou that abridgeſt death, thou daughter deare to the darknes,
Cut this thread of life, diſpatch and bring me to darknes,
Infernal darknes, fit place for mournful *Amintas*.
So ſhal *Amintas*, vvalke and talke in darkſome *Auernus*,
So ſhal *Amintas* loue vvith *Phillis* againe be renued,
In fields *Elyſian Phillis* ſhal liue with *Amintas*.
Thus do I vviſh and pray, this praying is but a prating,
And theſe vviſhing vvords but a blaſt, but a vvind, but a vvhiſtling.
Die then *Amintas* die, for dead is thy bonie *Phillis*.
Phabus vvent to the ſea: to the poore houſe haſted *Amintas*.

The

The ninth Lamentation.

SInce *Phillis* burial, now faire *Aurora* the ninth time
Shewed her ſhining face, and *Phœbus* lightned *Olympus*:
VVhen from couch al vvet vvith teares, confounded *Amintas*
Raiſd his craſd carkaſſe, vvith mind ſtil abroad to be vvandring,
Vnto the vvild beaſts dens and fareful vnhoſpital harbours,
Where vvas nothing elſe but certaine death to he lookt for.
But vvhilſt naked lims vvith roabes all ragged be cou'red,
Oft did he cal and cry for *Phillis*, that bonie *Phillis*,
VVith deepe ſighs and grones ſtil *Phillis*, *Phillis* he called:
And then dreſt, vp he gets, and gets himſelfe to the deſert,
Deſert dens, mans ſight, and ſuns light euer abhorring.
There by the woods wandring, and loue vnluckie bewailing.
More and more did he feede that wonted wound of a louer.
Like as a trembling Hart, whoſe heart is pearſt with an arrow,
Runs, and yet running his death ſtill beareth about him,
Runs to the thickeſt groues, yet ſweats and bleeds as he runneth,
Runs, and ſo with grieſe and toyle death haſteneth onward:
Then with teares doth he ſeeke *Dictamus* flowre by the deſert,
Seekes, but cannot find *Dictamus* flowre by the deſert,
Like to the trembling Hart went hartleſſe louer *Amintas*.
And thus againe at length (his cheekes with water abounding)
From ſullen ſilence abruptly beganne to be raging.

Since *Phillis* lockt vp that ſtar-light liuely for euer,
Since faire *Phillis* ſlept that long ſleepe, vvhat ſhal *Amintas*
Thinke, conceiue, contriue, or what ſhal *Amintas* imagine,
What ſhal *Amintas* do, that *Amintas* go not a begging?
For no care is of health, no care of wealth in *Amintas*,
No ioy, no comfort, but *Phillis* abides in *Amintas*.

Who vvil fodder now in vvinter giue to my bullocks?
Who vvil now any more bring my white bul to my heifer?
Who vvil goats and kids to the ragged rocks be a driuing?
Who ſheepe and lambs from rau'ning vvolues be defending?

Who will looke to my rams, and waſh their fleece in a riuer?
Who vvill anoint ſcabd ſheepe, leaſt that outragious humor
Once take vent, make way, and ſpoyle vvhole flocke of *Amintas*?
Who vvill let them bloud, vvhen raging fire of a feauer
Runneth along by the bones, and marrow quickly deuoureth?
Who will tender ſheepe driue vp fro the fields to the mountaiſs,
When deep *Thames* increaſt with raine or ſnow from *Olympus*,
Driues downe vvonted vvals, and bankes al beateth a ſunder,
Ouerflowing fields, and paſtures foully defacing?
O poore flocke, poore heard, ô life and loue of *Amintas*:
Phillis life and loue is gone, ô wretched *Amintas*.
Euen as a Marchant man that loſt his ware by a ſhipwracke,
And ſhip left on ſands vvith blind rocks broken a ſunder,
Swims on a board ſtagg'ring vvith ſalt vvaues all to be daſhed,
Driu'n hence thence with winds, and knows no place to be landing:
Wandring here and there, and ſees no ſtars to be ſhining:
So twixt hope a nd feare, twixt life and death doth *Amintas*
Daily delay his daies, yet deaths-wound beareth about him.
For ſince *Phillis*, alas, in a dead ſleep ſlipt from *Amintas*,
Inconſtant, wandring, diſtracted, moydred *Amintas*
Rangeth alone by the rocks, by the woods, by the dens, by the deſerts,
Deſerts, dens, and vvoods, and rocks, vvhere no body vvalketh,
No body dare approch for feare of ſlippery ſerpents,
And crawling Adders vvith balefull poiſon abounding.
And yet I cannot finde vvhat I ſeeke, vvhat I looke, vvhat I long for,
Phillis, I meane, by the rocks, by the vvoods, by the dens, by the deſerts.
Since that time, that time of griefe, and vvo the beginning,
Neither Sun by the day, nor Moone by the night did *Amintas*
Euer ſee ſleeping, though vveake and vveary by vvatching.
And no foode I deſire, for I feed too faſt on a fancy,
Loue fils fainty ſtomack, and euery part of *Amintas*?
And I deſire no drinke, for I drinke vp vvatery fountains,
Fountains of ſalt teares, ſtil trickling, euer abounding,
Like ſhowres in winter driu'n downe vvith vvinds from *Olympus*.
O moſt mighty *Pales*, vvhich ſtil bar'ſt loue to the Countrie,
And poore Countrie folke, haſt thou forgotten *Amintas*
Novv, vvhen as other gods haue all forſaken *Amintas*?
Thou on vvhoſe feaſt daies bonefires vvere made by *Amintas*,

And

And quite leapt ouer by the bouncing dancer *Amintas*,
Thou, for vvhoſe feaſt daies great cakes ordained *Amintas*,
Supping milke vvith cakes, and caſting milke to the bonefire?
And thou ſirly *Cupid*, thou churliſh dame *Cytherea*,
With vvhoſe praiſe I did once, vvhilſt *Phillis* abode vvith *Amintas*,
Make theſe fields to reſound, make beaſts and men to be vvondring,
On pitifull poore vvretch is no care, no pitie taken?
What? ſhall I nothing get for making ſo many offrings?
So many ſweet perfumes, for ſaying ſo many praiers,
All vvith a garland greene vvith leaues of Mirtle adorned?
Are gods vnthankfull? can no grace come from *Olympus*?
Are gods vnmindfull? vvhy then vvhat meane I to vvorſhip?
Worſhip I knovv not vvhat for a god, vvhen it is but an Idol:
For no guerden, alas, no good thing's left for a good man.
Poore foole, vvhat did I meane, on gods or ſtarres to be railing?
As though ſtarres or gods could alter deſtinies order,
Poore foole, vvhat did I meane inceſſant teares to be ſhedding?
Stil to the hils, to the vvoods, to the fields, to the flouds to my vvailing,
Sith theſe hils, theſe vvoods, theſe fields, theſe flouds to my vveeping
Can lend no feeling, can afoord no ſence to my vvailing.
Yet vvil I call *Phillis*, though no body come by my calling,
And weepe for *Phillis*, though no good come by my vveeping,
Thus vvil I do: many men, many minds: this pleaſeth *Amintas*.
And yet I cannot abide any more by the vvoods to be ranging.
And this liuing death, this dying life to the leading:
Die then *Amintas*, die, let *Amintas* murther *Amintas*,
So ſhall that grim Sire, and foule fac'd prince of *Auernus*,
Some pitie take, vvhen he ſees this wound of murthred *Amintas*,
This wound wide and large: and loſſe of grau's but a ſmal loſſe.
So ſhal *Amintas* vvalke, and *Phillis* vvalke vvith *Amintas*,
Through thoſe pleaſant groues and flovvring fields of *Auernus*.
But yet againe to his houſe vvith dolefull mind he returned.

The tenth Lamentation.

SInce that fatal day and houre vnluckie, the tenth time
Faire *Aurora* betimes by the daies breake roſe from her husband,
Husband old, and cold, and droue backe clouds from *Olympus*,,
Making waie to the Sunne taking her vvay to the yonker,
Braue yonker *Cephalus*, vvhom faire *Aurora* deſired:
Æolus of purpoſe, *Auroraes* fancie to further,
Sent forth ſvveet *Zephyrus* vvith tender breath to be blowing,
And moiſt dew by the fields vvith vvhiſtling blaſt to be drying,
Leaſt nights cold moiſture might ſtay their louely proceedings,
Stay braue *Æolides*, ſtay braue *Aurora* fro kiſſing.
Euery thing did ſmile, vvoods, fields, aire, vvatery fountains,
Euery Lapwing ſang, and made ſweet mirth to the morning,
And cherefull *Charites* vvith goldlocks gaily bedecked,
Danced along by the fields in due and gratious order:
And th'vnruly *Satyrs* by the ſound of a paltery piper,
Leapt and skipt by the vvoods in moſt laſciuious order.
Onely *Amintas* loath'd theſe ſports, and theſe pretie paſtimes,
Onely *Amintas* mourn'd, and old griefes onely remembred,
Leauing houſe and home, and deſerts onely frequenting,
Scratching face vvith nailes, and *Phillis* freſhly bewailing.
O vvhat means *Phillis*, can *Phillis* caſt of *Amintas*?
O conſider, alas, conſider careful *Amintas*,
And forget not, alas, forget not faithful *Amintas*,
VVho for *Phillis* ſake, for loue and fancy to *Phillis*,
Bears this fire in his heart, and ſtill this fire is a feeding.
VVhat means *Phillis* alone in thoſe faire fields to be walking.
In thoſe *Elyſian* faire fields, and leaue me behind her?

VVhat's

What's there no more care of a flocke in *Phillis* abiding?
What? no care of loue, no care of louer *Amintas*?
O vnthankfull wench, if this thing come by thy causing,
And accursed fate, if desteny cause the to leaue me.

See what a strange effect these cares haue wrought in *Amintas*?
Needles cares haue driu'n al needfull cares from *Amintas*.
No care, no comfort in driuing goats to the mountains,
When rising *Phœbus* displaies his beames in a morning.
No care, no comfort in bringing sheeep to the sheep cots,
When sitting *Phœbus* withdrawes his face in an eu'ning.
Rimes are quite set aside, and seu'nhol'd pipe is abandond,
Rimes that I plaid on pipe; pipe vsed at euery dancing.
Leather bottel's lost, and tarbox broken a sunder,
Shoone, and mittens gone, and sheephooke cast in a corner,
And litle old *Lightfoot* hath lost his master *Amintas*,
Whose watchful barking made woolues afraid to be biting.
See, how *Phillis* death doth make my goats to be dying.
No bodie giues them thime and other flowers to be gnapping,
No bodie giues them drinke and water fresh to be sipping,
No bodie brings them backe to the fold, or shade to refresh them.

See, how *Phillis* death doth make my sheepe to be dying,
VVhilst th'vnlucky shepheard neglects his sheepe to be feeding,
Lams in woful wise by the woolues are daily deuoured,
Ews in lothsome sort with scabs are foully molested,
And their wooll with dust and durt is filthily fouled.
O but, alas, poore foole, whilst thou thus rail'st on *Olympus*,
Phillis faire perchance in pleasand fields of *Auernus*
Keepeth better goats, and better sheepe is a feeding,
Leauing this poore flocke, and their poore master *Amintas*.
And must onely my death cause endlesse plagues to be ended?
And shall I neuer die, till time that desteny pointed?
O what a life is this, with life and death to be striuing?
And yet I loue this life, this strife, and euery moment
Reason yeelds to my rage, and rage giues place to my reason.
And whilst breath shal abide in burning breast of *Amintas*,
Perpetual sobbing shall make these sides to be smarting,
Perpetual plaining shall make this mouth to be sounding,
Perpetual weeping shall make these eies to be swelling.

As ſoone as *Titan* with face all firie returneth,
With violent clamors great clouds will I caſt on a cluſter:
As ſoone as darke night doth ſpread her mantle among vs,
With teares ſtill trickling I'le make ſprings euer abounding.
What lou's like to my rage? what fancy's like to my folly?
That not a day, not an houre, not a moment ſcapeth *Amintas*,
But ſtil *Amintas*, mourns, ſince *Phillis* graue was a making,
That lewd Lord of loue drew my deſtruction onward,
That boy bred my bane, my death vntimely procured,
When by the ſight of a laſſe, by the flaming eyes of a virgin
Fire did pierce by my fleſh, to my ſoule, to my bones, to my marrow,
And there burns and boils like ſcalding ſulphur of *Ætna*.
Who would thinke thou loue couldſt beare ſuch hate to a louer?
Or wouldſt worke ſuch harme to a countreyman that is harmleſſe?
But blody boy thou art, thou bear'ſt blody mind, blody weapons.
And thou moſt ſpitefull *Nemeſis*, whoſe haſty reuenging
Hands are euer at hand: whoſe mind is mutable alwaies,
At miſeries laughing, at mens felicitie grudging,
Why durſt thou deale with? what didſt thou meane to be medling
With louing *Phillis*, with *Phillis* louer *Amintas*?
If that, *Phillis* I kiſt, or *Phillis* kiſſed *Amintas*,
If that *Phillis* I clipt, or *Phillis* clipped *Amintas*,
If I ſpent many houres in talking vnder a Mirtle,
Waſt any great offence, any great diſgrace to a goddeſſe?
We were countrey folke, two ſeelli'ſt ſoules of a thouſand,
Thoſe golden Diadems, that ſtate of a King, or a Kingdome,
Thoſe vanting titles, that pompe of a Duke, or a Dukedome,
Thoſe flaunting buildings, that pride of an Earle or an Earledome,
More fit for *Nemeſis*: *Phillis* more fit for *Amintas*.
Who would thinke thou could'ſt on beggers thus be triumphing?
Why ſhould ſeelly ſhephards be moleſted thus by a goddeſſe,
Nay goddeſſe *Nemeſis*? for thou doeſt no body goodneſſe,
And where's no goodneſſe, who thinks there can be a goddeſſe?
And thou moſt helliſh *Lacheſis*, more fierce then a fury,
What reaſon found'ſt thou ſuch miſchiefe for to be working.
That by the griping pains, by the cold hoate fits of an ague,
Phillis fit for a man, ſhould die thus afore ſhe be fitted?
O why ſhouldſt thou take all comfort quite fro the countrey,

And make countreymen thus comfortleſſe to be mourning?
Could not that ſweete face, nor that moſt ſeemely behau'our,
Nor that league of loue ſtill laſting leadthe to mercy?
Who would thinke that thou wouldſt thus haue dealt with a milkmaide?
But thy delight is death, and bloud thou onely deſireſt,
Therefore bring me to death, take liuing bloud from *Amintas*,
For my delight is death, death onely deſireth *Amintas*,
And to procure quick death, it's fully reſolu'd by *Amintas*,
That faire *Phillis* againe may loue her louer *Amintas*.
And yet about eu'ning, with ſtaggring ſteps he returned.

The laſt Lamentation, and the death of *Amintas*.

AND now ſince *Phillis* dead corps was laid in a coffin,
Came th'eleuenth day: when weake and wakeful *Amintas*
Spi'd through tiles of his houſe faire *Phœbus* beames to be ſhining:
VVhich when he ſaw, then in haſt himſelfe he began to be ſtirring,
And with trembling knees, with mind extreamely moleſted,
Paſſed along to the fields, where graue of *Phillis* appeared:
Meaning there to the graue, to the ghoſt, to the ſcattered aſhes,
His laſt lamenting in woful wiſe to be making.
But when he ſaw freſh flowres, and new graſſe ſpeedily ſtart vp,
And *Phillis* ſweet name ingrau'n by the hand of *Amintas*,
Then did he ſtay and weepe with an inward horror amaſed:
And at length his knees on graue there faintily bowing,
With dolorous gronings his fatal howre he bewailed.

This day, this ſame day, moſt bleſſed day of a thouſand,
Shal be the firſt of ioy, and laſt of anoy to *Amintas*,
This ſhal bring me my ſelfe to my ſelfe, and bring me to *Phillis*.
Let neither father nor mother mourne for *Amintas*,
Let neither kinſman, nor neighbour weepe for *Amintas*
For *Venus*, onely *Venus*, doth lay this death on *Amintas*,
And *Phillis* ſweet ſoule in faire fields ſtaies for *Amintas*.
If you needs will ſhew ſome ſigne of loue to *Amintas*,
Then when life is gone, cloſe vp theſe eyes of *Amintas*,
And with *Phillis* corps lay this dead corps of *Amintas*,
This ſhal *Phillis* pleaſe, and *Phillis* louer *Amintas*.
And thou, good *Damon*, driue forth thoſe ſheepe of *Amintas*,
Leaſt that *Amintas* ſheepe die with their maſter *Amintas*.
And thou faire *Amaryllis*, when thou gan'gſt to the mountains,
Driue on *Phillis* goats, faire *Phillis* goats to the mountains,
For now it's certaine, I'le leaue this life for a better,
And ſeeke for mending in a moſt vnnatural ending.
Hils and dales farewell, you pleaſant walks of *Amintas*,

Flouds

Flouds and wells farewell, ſometime the delight of *Amintas*,
Now ſhal I neuer more my ſorrows vtter among you,
Now ſhal I neuer more with clamors vainly moleſt you.
Muſt then *Amintas* thus but a ſtripling murder *Amintas*?
O what an imperious princeſſe is Queene *Cytherea*?
For ſtill watching loue would neuer let me be reſting.
Nor neuer ſleeping, ſince *Phillis* went from *Amintas*.
And no longer I can ſuſteine theſe infinite horrors,
And pangs inceſſant, which now are freſhly renewed,
And much augmented: therefore am I fully reſolued
Of lingring loues wound to be ſpeedily cur'd by a deaths-wound.
Thus when he had contriu'd in his heart this deſperate outrage,
And meant fully to die, with an helliſh fury bewitched;
What do I ſtay, quoth he, now? tis loſſe of time to be lingring.
Then with a fatal knife in a murdring hand; to the heauens
Vp did he looke for a while; and groand with a deadly reſounding,
With theſe words his life and Lamentation ending.
Gods, and ghoſts, forgiue, forget this fault of *Amintas*,
Pardon I craue of both: this knife ſhall bring me to *Phillis*,
And end theſe miſeries, though deſteny flatly denie it.
Eu'n as he ſpake theſe words downe fell deepe wounded *Amintas*,
Fouling hands and ground with ſtreames of blood that abounded.
And good nasut'd ground, pitying this fall of *Amintas*,
In moſt louing wiſe very gently receiued *Amintas*,
And when he fel, by the fal, in mournful ſort ſhe reſounded.
Iupiter in meane time, and th'ther gods of *Olympus*,
When they ſaw his end, (though great things were then in handling,)
Yet lamented much, and then decreed, that *Amintas*
Soule, ſhould go to the fields where bleſſed *Phillis* abideth.
And blody corps ſhould take both name and forme of a faire flowre
Called *Amaranthus*; for *Amintas* friendly remembrance.
Whilſt theſe things by the gods were thus decreed in *Olympus*,
Senees were al weake, and almoſt gone from *Amintas*,
Eies were quite ſightleſſe, death pangs and horror approched:
Then with his head halfe vp, moſt heauily groaned *Amintas*,
And as he groand, then he left his feete to the ground to be rooted,
And ſeeking for a foote, could find no foot to be ſought for,
For both legs and trunck to a ſtalke were ſpeedily changed,

And that his old marrow to a cold iuyce quickly reſolued,
And by the ſame cold iuyce this ſtalke ſtill liuely appeared.
Which ſtrange change when he felt, then he lifted his arms to the heauens
And when he lifted his arms, then his arms were made to be branches.
And now, face and haire of *Amintas* laſtly remained:
O what meane you gods to prolong this life of *Amintas*?
O what meane you gods with an hollow ſound he repeated,
Vntill his hollow ſound with a ſtalke was ſpeedily ſtopped,
And faire face and haire bare forme and ſhape to a faire flowre,
Flowre with faire red leaues, faire red bloud gaue the beginning.
Then with bow and ſhaft and painted quiuer about him
Vproſe Lord of loue, from princelike ſeat in *Olympus*,
And, when t'was too late, laments this loſſe of a louer,
Speaking thus to the gods of this new flowre of *Amintas*.
Mirtle's due to *Venus*, greene Laurel's due to *Apollo*,
Corne to the Lady *Ceres*, ripe grapes to the yong mery *Bacchus*,
Popplar t' *Alcides*, and Oliues vnto *Minerua*,
Gentle *Amaranthus*, thou faireſt flowre of a thouſand
Shalt be my flowre henceforth, and though thou cam'ſt from a bleeding,
Yet bloud ſhalt thou ſtaunch: this gift will I giue the for euer:
And by the pleaſant fields where gentle minded *Amintas*
Lately bewaild his loue, there thy leaues louely for euer
Boyes and gyrles, and nymphs ſhall take a delight to be plucking,
Take a delight of them their garlands gay to be making.
And now in meane time whilſt theſe things were thus a working,
Good louing neighbours for a long time miſſed *Amintas*,
And by the caues of beaſts, by the dungeons darke, by the deſerts,
And by the hils, by the dales, by the wells and watery fountains,
Sought for *Amintas* long, but neuer met with *Amintas*.

FINIS.